AN

ODE

TO

MANKIND:

Addreſs'd to the

PRINCE of WALES.

LONDON:

Printed for R. DODSLEY at *Tully*'s Head in *Pall-Mall*;
And Sold by T. COOPER at the *Globe* in *Pater-noſter-Row*. 1741.

[Price One Shilling.]

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INTRODUCTION.

To His ROYAL HIGHNESS.

NOR me the Glories of thy Birth engage,
With Royal Names to swell my pompous Page;
Nor meaner Views allure, in soothing Lays
To court thy Favour with officious Praise.
Yet Praise it is, thus to address thine Ear
In Strains no Slave dares sing, no Tyrant hear;
While warm for *Britain*'s Rights and Nature's Laws,
I call forth *Britain*'s HOPE in Freedom's Cause;
Assert an Empire which to ALL belongs,
And vindicate a World's long-suffer'd Wrongs.

These saving Truths import Thee most to know,
The Links that tie the Mighty to the Low;
What now, our *Fellow-Subject*, is your Due,
And, when our *Prince*, shall be a Debt on *You*.
O! may'st Thou to the Throne such Maxims bring!
And feel the Free-man, whilst Thou reign'st the King!

Far hence the Tribe, whose servile Arts delude,
And teach the Great to spurn the *Multitude*!

TO

Are

Are Thoſe unworthy of the *Royal Heir*,
Who claim the future Monarch's duteous Care?
Still may thy Thoughts the Godlike Taſk purſue,
And to the *Many* ne'er prefer the *Few*!
Still may'ſt thou fly thy Fortune's ſpecious Friends,
Who deal forth ſov'reign Grace to private Ends;
In narrow Streams divert the copious Tide,
Exalt one Sect, and damn the World beſide;
While with falſe Lights directing partial Rule,
The Lord of Nations falls a Party's Tool.
Such there have been---and ſuch, in Truth's Deſpite,
Diſgrac'd the Cauſe of Liberty and Right;
But Thou ſhalt riſe ſuperior to their Arts,
And fix Thy Empire in a People's Hearts.

Nor hence may Faction boaſt her favour'd Claim,
Where ſelfiſh Paſſion borrows Virtue's Name:
Free Government alone preſerves the *Free*,
And righteous Rule is Gen'ral Liberty;
There guiding Law is Freedom's native Voice,
The Publick Good defin'd by Publick Choice;
And juſtly ſhould the bold *Offenders* fall,
Who dare invade the ſov'reign Rights of *All*:
A *King* who proudly makes theſe Claims his own,
Or *They* whoſe Rage would ſhake a lawful Throne.
From Truths like theſe proceeds a Right Divine,
And may the Pow'r that rais'd, preſerve Thy ſcepter'd
Line!

TO

TO MANKIND:

An ODE.

I.

IS there, or do the Schoolmen dream?
Is there on Earth a Pow'r ſupreme,
The Delegate of Heav'n?
To whom an uncontroul'd Command,
In ev'ry Realm o'er Sea and Land,
By ſpecial Grace is giv'n?

II.

Then ſay, what Signs this God proclaim?
Dwells he amidſt the Diamond's Flame,
A Throne his hallow'd Shrine?
The borrow'd Pomp, the arm'd Array,
Want, Fear, and Impotence, betray:
Strange Proofs of Pow'r Divine!

III.

If Service due from Human Kind,
To Men in ſlothful Eaſe reclin'd,
Can form a Sov'reign's Claim:
Hail Monarchs! ye, whom Heav'n ordains,
Our Toils unſhar'd, to ſhare our Gains,
Ye Ideots, blind and lame!

IV.

Superior Virtue, Wiſdom, Might,
Create and mark the Ruler's Right;
So Reaſon muſt conclude:
Then thine it is, to whom belong
The Wiſe, the Virtuous, and the Strong,
Thrice ſacred Multitude!

IV.

In Thee, great ALL! are theſe contain'd,
For Thee are theſe, thy Parts, ordain'd,
So Nature's Syſtems roll:
The Scepter's Thine, if ſuch there be;
If none there is, then Thou art free,
And Maſter of the Whole.

VI.

Let the proud Tyrant reſt his Cauſe
On Faith, Preſcription, Force, or Laws,
An Hoſt's or Senate's Voice!
His Voice affirms thy ſtronger Due,
Who for the Many made the Few,
And gave the Species *Choice*.

VII.

Unſanctify'd by thy Command,
Unown'd by Thee, the Scepter'd Hand
Impells, but cannot bind.
Oaths but confirm where Nature ties,
The forc'd or erring Tongue belies
The unaſſenting Mind.

VIII.

Thy Will's thy Rule, thy Good its End;
You puniſh only to defend
What Parent Nature gave:
And he who dares her Gifts invade,
By Nature's oldeſt Law is made
Thy Victim or thy Slave.

IX.

Thus Reaſon founds the juſt Decree
On univerſal Liberty,
Not private Rights reſign'd:
Through various Nature's wide Extent,
No private Beings e'er were meant
To hurt the gen'ral Kind.

X.

Thee Juſtice guides, Thee Right maintains;
Th' Oppreſſor's Wrongs, the Pilf'rer's Gains,
Thy injur'd Weal impair.
Thy warmeſt Paſſions ſoon ſubſide,
Nor partial Envy, Hate, nor Pride,
Thy temper'd Counſels ſhare.

XI.

XI.

Each Inſtance of thy vengeful Rage,
Collected from each Clime and Age,
Tho' Malice ſwell the Sum,
Would ſeem a ſpotleſs ſcanty Roll,
Compar'd with *Marius'* bloody Scroll,
Or *Sylla*'s Hippodrome.

XII.

But thine has been imputed Blame,
Th' unworthy Few aſſume thy Name,
The Rabble weak and loud;
Or thoſe who on thy Ruines feaſt,
The Lord, the Lawyer, and the Prieſt;
A more ignoble Crowd.

XIII.

Avails it Thee, if one devours,
Or leſſer Spoilers ſhare his Pow'rs,
While both Thy Claim oppoſe?
Monſters who wore thy ſully'd Crown,
Tyrants who pull'd thoſe Monſters down,
Alike to Thee were Foes.

XIV.

Far other ſhone, fair Freedom's Band,
Far other was th' immortal Stand,
When *Hambden* fought for Thee:
Thou ſnatch'd from Rapine's Gripe thy Spoils,
The Fruits and Prize of glorious Toils,
Of Arts and Induſtry.

XV.

'Gainſt Thee yet foams the Preacher's Rage,
'Gainſt Thee is plann'd th' Hiſtorian's Page,
A falſe apoſtate Train:
Tears ſtream adown the Martyr's Tomb;
Unpity'd in their harder Doom,
Thy Thouſands ſtrow the Plain.

XVI.

Theſe had no Charms to pleaſe the Senſe,
No graceful Port, no Eloquence,
To win the Muſe's Throng:
Unknown, unſung, unmark'd they lie;
But *Cæſar*'s Fate o'ercaſts the Sky,
And Nature mourns his Wrong.

XVII.

XVII.

Thy Foes, a frontleſs Band, invade;
Thy Friends afford a timid Aid,
And yield up half thy Right.
Ev'n *Locke* beams forth a mingl'd Ray,
Afraid to pour the Floods of Day
On Man's too feeble Sight.

XVIII.

Hence are the motley Syſtems fram'd,
Of Right transfer'd, of Pow'r reclaim'd;
Diſtinctions weak and vain.
Wiſe Nature mocks the wrangling Herd;
For unreclaim'd, and untransfer'd,
Her Pow'rs and Rights remain.

XIX.

While Law the royal Agent moves,
The Inſtrument thy Choice approves,
We bow thro' him to you.
But change, or ceaſe th' inſpiring Choice,
The ſov'reign ſinks a private Voice,
Alike in One, or Few!

XXX.

Shall then the Man, whoſe daſtard Heart
Shrinks at a Tyrant's bolder Part,
And only dares betray;
With reptile Wiles, alas! prevail,
Where Force, and Rage, and Prieſt-craft fail,
To pilfer Pow'r away?

XXI.

O! ſhall the bought, and buying Tribe,
The Slaves who take, and deal the Bribe,
A People's Claims enjoy?
So *Indian* Murd'rers hope to gain
The Pow'rs and Virtues of the Slain,
Of Wretches they deſtroy.

XXII.

" Avert it, Heaven! you love the Brave,
" You hate the treach'rous willing Slave,
" The ſelf-devoted Head.
" Nor ſhall an Hireling's Voice convey
" That ſacred Prize to lawleſs Sway,
" For which a Nation bled.

XXIII.

XXIII.

Vain Pray'r! the Coward's weak Reſource,
Directing Reaſon, active Force,
Propitious Heaven beſtows;
But ne'er ſhall flame the thund'ring Sky,
To aid the trembling Herd that flie
Before their weaker Foes.

XXIV.

In Names there are no magick Charms,
The *Britiſh* Virtues, *Britiſh* Arms
Unloos'd our Father's Band:
Say, *Greece* and *Rome!* if theſe ſhou'd fail,
What Names, what Anceſtors avail,
To ſave a ſinking Land?

XXV.

Far, far from us ſuch Ills ſhall be,
Mankind ſhall boaſt one Nation free,
One Monarch truly Great;
Whoſe Title is a People's Choice,
Whoſe Mandate is a People's Voice,
Whoſe Strength a proſp'rous State.

F I N I S.

XXIII.

Vain Pray'r! the Coward's weak Refource,
Directing Reason, active Force,
Propitious Heaven bestows;
But ne'er shall flame the thund'ring Sky,
To aid the trembling Herd that flie
Before their weaker Foes.

XXIV.

In Names there are no magick Charms,
The British Virtues, British Arms
Unloos'd our Father's Hand:
Say, Greece and Rome, if these had fail,
What Names, what Ancestors avail,
To save a sinking Land?

XXV.

Far, far from us such Ills shall be,
Mankind shall back one Nation free,
One Monarch truly Great;
Whole Title is a People's Choice,
Whole Mandate is a People's Voice,
Whole Strength a prosp'rous State.

FINIS.